

THE *Impetuous*
CONFLAGRATION: 4.

A
P O E M
ON THE
L A S T D A Y,
IN FOUR PARTS.

BY
BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

I WILL SING OF MERCY AND JUDGMENT.
DAVID.

B R I S T O L:

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CONFIRMATION:



IN WITNESS WHEREOF

I HAVE HEREunto set my hand and seal

at

NEW YORK

THIS SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY

1871

DAVID

(SIGNED)



T H E

CONFLAGRATION.

P A R T I.

BRITANNIA, rouse! awake! nor longer dream
Of peace in guilt, of dignity in shame.
Drunk with Mirth's cup, and lul'd with Pleasure's charms,
Long hast thou slept in Vice's fatal arms.
Up spring! undraw the curtain! look around!
See judgment kindle! hear damnation found!
Tremendous vengeance thunders in thine ear,
And o'er thine eye-balls shakes her glittering spear.
Behold the world from pole to pole in flames!
The mountains melted into fiery streams!
Behold the rending rocks — the heaving tomb —
The rising dead — the dreadful day of doom —
The Judge supreme — th' innumerable throng
Of ghastly prisoners drag their chains along —
The good in glory — and the bad in woe!
These in the mirror of my verse I show.

O THOU, whose fiat gave creation birth ;
 Whose nod sustains or sinks suspending earth ;
 Whose starry hosts th' ethereal regions throng,
 Proclaim thy Godhead, and thy praise prolong ;
 Whose rays of glory dart extatic fire
 To angel breasts, and angel breasts inspire :
 Oh ! aid my flight, frail insect of a day,
 Beyond these worlds doom'd to fierce flames a prey.
 Fain would I rest, within thy courts on high,
 While sun, moon, stars, earth, time, and nature die !
 There would I view at my Redeemer's side,
 The globes beneath float on the fiery tide,
 And bless the refuge where I joyful hide. }
 That dreadful day assist me now to sing,
 And in each strain, praise THEE the eternal King :
 With light celestial my dark mind inspire,
 Warm my cold bosom with seraphic fire ;
 And, oh ! direct me in my dubious way,
 Through future scenes, by revelation's ray.

Foreboding signs, alarming sights appear,
 To show the world's vast dissolution near.
 The fount of day emits a jetty flood ;
 The lamp of night appears immers'd in blood.
 A solemn silence and a dismal gloom
 Portend the hypocrite's more dismal doom.
 — Now, peals of thunder through the concave sound,
 And flaming plow-shares tear the stubborn ground :
Those the dread sentence, *these* the speedy woe
 Of bold offenders, awfully foreshow.

Old trembling Sinai now asunder rends,
 And to the plains his nodding summit bends ;
 The eternal hills, and ancient mountains quake,
 And dire convulsions earth's deep centre shake :
 Vulcanos kindle ; furious tempests fly ;
 And foaming oceans lash the low'ring sky.

In ether high, beyond the lofty spheres,
 The sovereign Judge of earth and hell appears :
 A blazing brightness, dazzling the eyes of day,
 Surrounds his chariot, and directs his way.
 Creation sickens ; stars and suns expire ;
 The frightened heavens before his face retire.
 Swift he descends from realms serene and bright,
 Where suns ne'er set, where shines eternal light.
 Angelic hosts around him, flaming, fly ;
 And fiery chariots throng the spacious sky.
 Through heaven, and earth, and hell, the trumpets sound ;
 Heaven shouts, earth shakes, hell trembles all around.
 Ye scoffers ! now behold the promis'd morn !
 Behold the JUDGE, and feel his vengeance burn !

All human eyes with consternation gaze,
 On the bright clouds which round his chariot blaze,
 While trembling crouds loud lamentations raise. }
 Exploring science lays her tube aside,
 And art neglects her profits and her pride.
 The busy wheels of labor move no more ;
 Gay pleasure droops, and folly's plays are o'er.

Mirth, fongs, and dancing, change to solemn sighs,
 And midnight revels close in doleful cries.
 Dominion, grandeur, dignity, and fame,
 Earth's mighty things, yield to the approaching flame.
 Kings, 'midst the croud, are lost on level ground,
 And crowns and thrones are now an empty sound.
 Delusive vice, of each pernicious kind,
 Sheds all her flowers, but leaves her thorn behind.
 Tenacious *Avarice* mourns her parting god,
 While stern *Oppression* drops her iron rod :
 Here, proud *Ambition* lowers her haughty eyes ;
 There, roaring *Laughter* in sad horror dies :
 Mad *Drunkards* quit their bottle and their song,
 And strangely falters the *Blaspheming* tongue :
 Now shameless *Whoredom* blushes and retreats,
 And *Murder* trembles at her bloody feats.

Alarm'd! aghast! the sons of riot fly,
 A thousand ways t' appease the threatening sky.
 Some drop the card, and catch the page divine ;
 Some to loud oaths a faint petition join :
 Some read their prayers, but chance to read the wrong ;
 And crouds the temple and the altar throng :
 Some to the long-neglected priest repair
 For absolution, but with priests despair :
 Some to the faints their supplications make,
 But can't, alas! their sleeping gods awake :
 Some sacrifice their bullocks and their sheep ;
 Some at the feet of a deaf idol weep :

Some

Some plunge incessant in the briny tide ;
 Some maim their limbs, and scourge their mangled side :
 Some call aloud on diabolic names ;
 Some fling their babes to the voracious flames.
 But all in vain ! the Judge approaches nigh ;
 And wrath divine burns down the rending sky !
 The thundering clouds and boundless ether blaze !
 And now arrives the awful DAY of days !
 Tremendous scene ! eternity descends ;
 Time quits his throne ; and nature's empire ends ;
 Dread, consternation, horror, and despair,
 Distort the count'nance of the blooming fair —
 Of bold commanders — of heroic kings —
 Of all, unscreen'd by Heaven's paternal wings.
 Proud monarchs tremble, howl, despair, blaspheme,
 And curse their being with their Maker's name.
 Courageous captains, chiefs, and conquerors call,
 " Ye trembling rocks and mountains on us fall,
 " And from the Judge hide our obnoxious head,
 " A thousand leagues beneath the deepest dead."

While gloomy horrorwhelms the guilty race,
 That long had spurn'd high Heaven's abounding grace,
 The righteous nation, mercy's favour'd few,
 Their glorious King with joy triumphant view.
 (So Goshen sang beneath a glad some light,
 While Egypt howl'd involv'd in tenfold night.)
 The chosen tribes their bitter bondage end —
 View their redemption with their judge descend —

Bid final farewell to their furious foes —
 Cease from their labors — and forget their woes.
 Hark! how they welcome their Redeemer down,
 And shout their Lord, to his terrestrial throne!
 “ Hail! blisful morn! hail! long-expected day!
 “ The Sun eternal sheds thy gladsome ray:
 “ Thy brilliant beams permit us to behold
 “ Our SAVIOUR shine, array’d in orient gold.
 “ Lo! HE is come to bless our longing eyes!
 “ Now we shall mount to meet him in the skies!
 “ How fair His feet! more bright than burnish’d brass;
 “ How glory flames in His majestic face!
 “ What dazzling splendor crowns Emmanuel’s brow!
 “ His hair appears more white than falling snow.
 “ See round him rapid vehicles of love,
 “ To bear us joyful to the realms above.
 “ Now we behold our dear immortal friend!
 “ Now heaven begins, now all our sorrows end.
 “ Long have we waited, pray’d, and wept aloud,
 “ To see Thee riding on the flying cloud:
 “ Oft have we cry’d, (and dropt the trickling tear)
 “ When will our Lord — our Love — our Life appear?
 “ But now our tears are chang’d to streams of joy,
 “ And songs triumphant all our tongues employ.
 “ Thy smiles transport us to a quenchless flame
 “ Of sacred love to Thine exalted name.
 “ Now bid us glorious and immortal rise,
 “ To meet Thee coming in the lofty skies,
 “ And near Thee shine in a celestial robe,
 “ While indignation burns this guilty globe.”

Ere the fierce flames of conflagration rage,
 Destroy the actors, and consume the stage ;
 The righteous Lord in chariots lin'd with love,
 Conveys the just to peaceful seats above.
 Soon as the clouds of his appearance spread,
 And the trump thunders universal dread ;
 The living saints in extacies of joy,
 Commence immortal, and new powers employ —
 Change, quick as thought, to a celestial shape —
 Elijah-like, the dart of death escape —
 And with the rising saints ascend on high,
 To meet their Lord in the empyreal sky.
 The gloomy vault, the urn, the solemn dome,
 The clattering charnel, and the rending tomb,
 The spacious land, and the unbounded main, —
 The rescu'd prey of vanquish'd death resign.
 Beneath proud persecutors bloody feet,
 The martyrs sacred ashes move and meet :
 Stern tyrants tremble at their rising slaves,
 And long to hide in their deserted graves.
 The deep death-wound, the gore, the sever'd head,
 And mangled limbs of the once-tortur'd dead,
 Surprise and rack the mad tormentors soul,
 Who wail with anguish, and with horror howl.
 The rising dead appear in forms divine,
 And (glorious change !) as bright as angels shine.
 The pious dust ! how alter'd ! how refin'd !
 A perfect mansion for the perfect mind !

Once

Once vile, corruptible, and mortal, frown,
 Now potent, glorious, and immortal grown !
 Each form appears with godlike beauty crown'd ;
 Nor blemish seen, nor imperfection found ;
 Nor seem'd the first, the happiest, purest pair,
 In native brightness so divinely fair :
 O'er every face bright beams of glory spread,
 And all resemble their exalted head.

Meantime, the sons of ruin dread their doom,
 With terror tremble, and with fury foam :
 Guilt, pride, and anger, in their bosom burn,
 And their foul joys to fiery torments turn.
 The thoughtless croud, the unbelieving crew,
 The scoffing Deist, the blaspheming Jew,
 The hypocrite on some exalted seat,
 The proud, the wanton, and the impious great,
 Behold with wild amazement and despair,
 The ransom'd host ascend the shining air,
 And hear them triumph as they climb the sky,
 O'er captive death, their vanquish'd enemy ;
 While they, in ghastly crouds, remain below,
 With terror tremble, and expire in woe.
 Nor towers can save, nor gloomy caves conceal,
 The guilty millions from the wrath they feel.

Bright, like the flaming orb which kindles day,
 EMMANUEL shines, but with a brighter ray :
 Like radiant stars the righteous round him rise,
 From pole to pole, t'attend Him down the skies.

Angelic

Angelic legions on cherubic wings,
 Descend from realms where endless glory springs.
 The elder sons of light the younger meet,
 Around their great eternal Father's feet;
 Nor absent one belov'd obedient child,
 Or e'er immaculate, or once defil'd.
 Blest saints bright angels joyfully embrace,
 Nor longer dread a seraph's flaming face.
 JEHOVAH smiles on all the mingled host,
 While the redeem'd of joys triumphant boast:
 Purchas'd with blood, adorn'd with robes divine,
 They next their Lord in peerless splendor shine.
 O glorious meeting! O transporting sight!
 O blissful day! O ravishing delight!
 Ne'er shone before a morning half so bright.
 Joy, wonder, praise, and heavenly love abound,
 And distant skies with exultation sound.
 Saints of all ages, of all nations join,
 In the loud triumph, and the shout divine:
 From east and west, from north and south they fly,
 From every land beneath the boundless sky.
 Now Adam views his ransom'd seed around,
 Dress'd in perfection, and with glory crown'd.
 Seth, Abel, Enoch, and their righteous race,
 With joy behold the last-born sons of grace.
 Sweet Jonathan and charming David meet,
 In deathless friendship, and in bliss complete.
 Apostles, prophets, patriarchs, priests, and kings,
 Who spoke and wrought, and bore surprizing things,
 Transported,

Transported, join in everlasting praise,
 Loud and melodious as seraphic lays.
 Meek Moses and Elijah, Peter hears
 Relate the wonders of their ancient years.
 Blest Paul beholds his dear Ephesian friends ;
 Their joy abounds, and mutual weeping ends.
 The faints, who mix'd their tears and groans below,
 Mingle their pure eternal pleasures now.
 Divided friends unite in lasting love ;
 And various sects but *one* compose above.
 The bold defenders of the sacred page,
 Asunder rent by persecution's rage,
 Who, joyful, died for the Redeemer's name,
 In horrid dungeons and the raging flame,
 Convene triumphant on celestial plains,
 To praise the Lamb in everlasting strains.

But, lo ! while Heaven's redeem'd ascend and sing,
 Earth's trembling hills with hideous howlings ring.
 The groans and screeches of desponding crouds,
 And dying millions, stun the thundering clouds ;
 Despair and anguish, like the raging flame,
 Pierce through the soul, consume the trembling frame ;
 While burning sulphur down the ether streams,
 And loud vulcanos belch tremendous flames ;
 So at the flood Heaven's windows open'd wide,
 And the great deep pour'd forth his rapid tide.
 Outrageous, Etna and Vesuvius roar,
 And hurl their vengeance on the trembling shore :

Storms

Storms of red cinders, and black clouds of smoke,
 The Beast demolish, and his kingdom choke.
 Behold the flaming deluge rage and swell,
 And earth commenc'd a temporary hell!
 Where the corn flourish'd — or the lily grew —
 Or herbage suck'd th' exhilarating dew —
 Or careless thriv'd the unfrequented wood —
 Or gladdening trees bow'd with delicious food —
 Or feeble vines their bending branches spread —
 Or stately cedars rais'd their towering head —
 Fades the young blossom, drops the blasted fruit,
 Dies every leaf, and withers every root.
 Where spicy groves the wafting air perfum'd,
 Or roses blow'd, or fragrant orchards bloom'd,
 Spreads all around a suffocating smell,
 Foul and sulphureous as the stench of hell.
 Where smiling plains their verdant charms disclos'd,
 Or lofty hills their gloomy brows expos'd,
 Smoke, fire, and vapour, in huge clouds are seen,
 Nor one fair prospect intervenes between.
 Beast, bird, and fish, and every tribe that breathe,
 In air, on earth, or in the deep beneath;
 With countless myriads of the human race,
 O'er all the kindling globe's extensive face,
 Ah! dreadful scene! 'midst the tremendous fire,
 In one great general sacrifice expire!
 The works of curious, or stupendous form,
 Rear'd to defy th' artillery of storm —
 Proud pyramids — the sepulchres of kings,
 Where art luxuriant hoards her antique things —

The

The seat of science, where Britannia stores
 Productions rare, for which the sage explores
 Remotest ages and remotest shores —
 Towns — cities — temples — palaces — and all
 The pride of art, in fiery ruins fall!
 Strong nature's forts next the red billows raze;
 The flowery vales and sylvan forests blaze!
 The solemn cedar and the lofty pine,
 And stubborn oak, their blasted heads decline:
 Rocks fly; hills leap; wide-yawning caverns roar,
 Flames upward burst, and rivers downward pour.
 The elements dissolve with fervent heat;
 And distant mountains in red torrents meet:
 The towering alps are tumbled to the sea;
 The ocean boils; the islands melt away:
 Caucasus, Atlas, and the Andes, leap
 Into the main, and swell the foaming deep;
 Through earth and sky, land, water, hills and plains,
 Destruction raves, and wild disorder reigns:
 The tortur'd earth's eternal pillars bend,
 Her center cracks, her bars asunder rend,
 Her burnings cast a dreadful light around,
 Her thundering groans thro' Heaven's high roof resound.
 The curling flames entwine the frozen poles,
 And the vast world in blazing sulphur rolls.
 While lo! the swift ascending flakes sublime,
 The distant summit of creation climb;
 And, meeting planetary orbs on high,
 Spread rapid ruin through the boundless sky.

Air,

Air, fire, and water, oft at war before,
 Contend outrageous for despotic power,
 And unknown globes stand trembling at their roar. }
 Thus must foul earth be purified with fire !
 Her guilty hosts in burning seas expire !
 Thus must her dust, which drank her MAKER'S BLOOD,
 Be wash'd away beneath a flaming flood !

While the Supreme his dreadful ire displays,
 And wraps the world in one surrounding blaze ;
 While earth's apostates in her bosom burn,
 And dire seducers home to hell return ;
 Heaven's faithful subjects sing their glorious LORD,
 His bleeding love, and his victorious sword —
 Joy in his reign o'er each exalted name —
 Applaud his vengeance — and his grace proclaim.
 (So Israel sang, and spread their joys around,
 While all their foes were in deep ocean drown'd.)
 From lofty realms with joy the victors view,
 The desert burn where once their sorrows grew —
 The vales on fire where stream'd their tears and blood —
 The fields in flames where Satan's standard stood —
 Nor longer feel for their blaspheming foes,
 While burning clefts their guilty heads inclose.
 So righteous Lot, preserv'd from Sodom's shame,
 And Sodom's ruin, view'd her distant flame.
 Just Noah, Daniel, Moses, Samuel, Job,
 No longer plead for the abandon'd globe ;
 Nor Abraham prays for mocking Ishmael more,
 And David's grief for Absalom is o'er.

Good

Good Paul, with pleasing approbation, views
 Fierce vengeance fall on unbelieving Jews.
 All supplications for the sinner cease,
 And praise alone surrounds the *throne of grace* :
 Nor pity weeps, nor sorrow heaves a sigh,
 While justice reigns, and daring rebels die.

On chrystal hills, where springs perpetual light,
 Where never rolls the jetty tide of night ;
 Where smoke, and clouds, and vapors ne'er ascend,
 The sons of day feast with their glorious friend,
 Imbibing gladness at the fount supreme,
 Where life, and love, and joys eternal stream.
 Thence they behold, unnumber'd leagues below,
 The fiery deluge earth's proud alps o'erflow ;
 And rocks, and mountains, continents, and all,
 Promiscuous whirl around the rending ball.
 Thus, long they on the conflagration gaze :
 At length subsides the universal blaze,
 The raging fire, the fierce ascending flame,
 The towering smoke, and the wide-wandering steam.

P A R T II.

THE former earth dissolv'd in distant smoke,
 A new appears, as heaven-taught Peter spoke ;
 Where constant dwells unspotted righteousness,
 Joy, freedom, love, and pure celestial peace ;
 Than paradise more fragrant, fair, and blest ;
 Nor serpents there the flowery ground infest.
 Each weed and thorn, each ravenous bird and brute,
 With every kind of sin's pernicious fruit ;
 All pains, diseases, dangers, wants, and woes,
 Heat, cold, and darkness, (fallen Nature's foes)
 The low'ring tempest and proud ocean's roar,
 Rain, vapor, snow, and hail, — are known no more.
 Here gladsome hills in sweet gradations rise ;
 Here verdant vallies charm immortal eyes ;
 Here fragrant groves the blissful realms perfume,
 And lovely plains smile in eternal bloom :
 Perpetual streams of living waters flow ;
 Trees of delight, and beauteous lilies grow ;
 And ruby-rocks of lasting glories glow.

B

 }
 Divine

Divine effulgence infinitely bright,
 Excludes all gloom, and pours incessant light :
 And all the beauties that a world can wear,
 Or nature yield, unfading flourish there.
 Nor earth alone is splendidly adorn'd,
 The heavens, which at her dissolution mourn'd,
 Rejoice around, and their best robes display,
 To solemnize their MAKER's nuptial day.

Near the fair hill, where ancient Salem stood,
 And Zion's king hung on the curst wood,
 Appears the fair, the new Jerusalem, (
 Founded on gold, and built of brilliant gem.
 Her vast extent twelve thousand furlongs square ;
 Her length and breadth and height all equal are :
 Twelve kinds of gems her dazzling wall adorn ;
 Twelve kinds or gems in twelve foundations burn :
 Twelve glittering pearls compose her flaming gates,
 And at each gate a shining angel waits.
 No sun by day she needs, nor moon by night ;
 GOD and the LAMB are her perpetual light ;
 JEHOVAH's smiles shed on her endless day ;
 JEHOVAH's hand wipes all her tears away :
 So brightly there JEHOVAH's glory beams,
 So largely there JEHOVAH's favour streams,
 The sacred place but one vast temple seems,
 The sacred time a sabbath each esteems :
 GOD is her temple, there with men HE dwells,
 And every part with His glad presence fills.

• A river

A river springing from the throne of God,
 Rolls through the place its pure transparent flood ;
 Midst groves of myrrh and streets of gold it glides,
 And living fruit hangs bending by its sides :
 Its crystal streams in thousand branches spread,
 And glowing gladness through the city shed :
 Each godlike monarch, emperor, and king,
 Their wealth and crowns, and glory thither bring :
 Thither the unrighteous no admision meets,
 Nor feet defil'd e'er tread the golden streets :
 The holy nations, fav'd by grace divine,
 Walk in her light, and in her brightness shine ;
 Nor sin, nor shame, nor sorrow, death, or pain,
 E'er pall their pleasure, or their beauty stain.
 The heavenly Adam, and his royal race,
 Reside and reign in the resplendent place :
 The church as Queen, the LORD of life as King,
 Thither descended on cherubic wing :
 A thousand years extends their blisful reign,
 While Satan howls beneath his ponderous chain,
 In the deep lake of ever burning woe,
 With each subordinate infernal foe.

But, oh ! the grandeur of the reigning God,
 The golden sceptre, and the iron rod,
 The throne of justice, and the crown of peace,
 The frowns of vengeance, and the smiles of grace !
 Ten thousand thousand flaming angels stand,
 Around his throne to wait his high command :

His radiant glories, human and divine,
 Through his blest reign and boundless empire shine.
 His friends, who once his paths of suffering trod,
 Are reigning kings, and holy priests of GOD;
 Each bright, immoveable, and spacious throne,
 Th' eternal SOVEREIGN places near his own:
 Resplendent robes th' exulting bands adorn;
 Their weighty crowns with dazzling radiance burn:
 They feast on fruits celestial and divine,
 And drink the juice of heaven's immortal vine:
 Unwithering palms of victory round them rise,
 And joy triumphant sparkles in their eyes.
 The founding organ and the trembling wire,
 The silver trumpet and the golden lyre,
 With every martial and melodious sound,
 Proclaim their joy, and spread their triumph round;
 While hallelujahs and perpetual praise,
 Soft as the lute, loud as the roaring seas,
 Harmonious anthems and celestial songs,
 Mellifluous flow on all their warbling tongues.
 Thus they begin their everlasting song;
 ' To Thee, almighty King of kings! belong
 ' Eternal self-existence infinite —
 ' Tremendous majesty — unbounded might —
 ' Omniscient wisdom — immortality —
 ' Supreme dominion — peerless purity —
 ' Unfully'd justice — saving love and grace —
 ' Inviolable truth — and never-ending praise.

‘ Thy potent hand, O everlasting God,
 ‘ Earth’s pillars rear’d, and spread the heavens abroad,
 ‘ All worlds and things in the beginning made,
 ‘ And vast creation still upheld and sway’d.
 ‘ How large and numerous the bright orbs, which roll
 ‘ Through endless space, at thy supreme control !
 ‘ But greater far, and more stupendous still,
 ‘ Are the bright counsels of Thy gracious will.
 ‘ Ere THOU command’st the mighty hill to rise,
 ‘ Or ocean swell, or vapour climb the skies,
 ‘ Or flaming globes through boundless ether blaze,
 ‘ Or elder angels sing Thy ceaseless praise,
 ‘ Or ere THOU gav’st the old creation birth, —
 ‘ Thy dear delights were with the sons of earth ;
 ‘ Thine early love within Thy bosom burn’d,
 ‘ Thine eyes of pity t’ward th’ offenders turn’d.
 ‘ Ancient of Days ! THOU saw’st with thoughts of peace,
 ‘ The guilty pair hide from JEHOVAH’s face :
 ‘ Thine arm prevented death’s immediate stroke,
 ‘ And to the man thus Thy compassion spoke :’

“ Adam ! where art thou ? and why hidest thou
 “ Thyself from God beneath the shading bough ?
 “ Hast thou transgress’d thy Maker’s great command,
 “ And swallow’d poison from the tempter’s hand ?
 “ O wretched man ! O wretched woman too !
 “ With all your race involv’d in guilt and woe !
 “ Stern angels wave their flaming sword around
 “ The tree of life, and threaten mortal wound ;

" Sin, pain, and death, voracious on you feed,
 " And hell pursues you and your numerous feed :
 " But I, to save adopted sons, will join
 " Your nature, human, to my own divine ;
 " Will act an able mediator's part,
 " And pour atonement from my bleeding heart :
 " Yes, with my own divinely precious blood,
 " I'll reconcile them to their smiling God :
 " And while the serpent wounds my harmless heel,
 " His guilty head a fatal bruise shall feel."

' Thus spake Thy love, thus Thy compassion will'd !
 ' Love promis'd — and Omnipotence fulfill'd.
 ' Yes, wonderful FRIEND ! Thou lovedst us while lost,
 ' And Thy dear life our great salvation cost :
 ' For us Thou gav'st Thyself a sacrifice ;
 ' No blood but Thine, O JESUS ! could suffice :
 ' Yes, Thou the Just, for us th' unjust has borne
 ' The curse, the cross, the torture, and the scorn !
 ' Hast died to save the guilty, the undone,
 ' And rais'd us, rebels, to thy shining throne !
 ' These crowns of glory which our heads adorn,
 ' Cost Thee sharp pain beneath a crown of thorn :
 ' These robes refulgent in Thy blood were dy'd ;
 ' Our blissful life flow'd from Thy pierced side :
 ' From Thee our vast eternal pleasures stream ;
 ' Eternal praise to Thine immortal name.'

Thus the redeem'd begin their endless song,
 While bliss divine tunes each melodious tongue.

A thousand

A thousand years they sing, and celebrate
 The various wonders of their former state :
 While streams of joy succeed their tears below,
 And sparks of grace are flames of glory now.
 Thus the new earth diviner pleasures yields,
 Than Adam reap'd in all his flowery fields ;
 Nor sprang such joys in Eden's blissful ground,
 As through this fairer paradise abound.

Meanwhile, his eyes the Dragon hither turns,
 And with revenge and indignation burns ;
 Curses and rattles his enormous chain,
 Raves, foams, and lashes the infernal main ;
 Blasphemes the name, and dares the potent arm
 Of the SUPREME, and sounds a loud alarm
 'Mong the foul fiends in gloomy hell confin'd,
 Whether of human or angelic kind ;
 And thus proceeds ; ' Ye mighty potentates !
 ' My faithful, constant, and immortal mates !
 ' Long have we roll'd in this tormenting lake,
 ' While our blest foes of ceaseless joys partake :
 ' Nor have we once made an attempt in form,
 ' To break our prison, and their city storm :
 ' Though strong our chains, and high the walls of hell,
 ' And, though we once were routed, who can tell,
 ' But by our courage, constancy, and skill,
 ' We may escape, and range in freedom still,
 ' These irons break — these walls of steel destroy —
 ' Climb yonder glittering hills — the saints annoy —

‘ Raze their fair city — and their prince dethrone —
 ‘ And ever reign victorious and alone ?
 ‘ Long have I rul’d and vast events have seen,
 ‘ And worlds subdu’d, though gods oppos’d between :
 ‘ You, ancient spirits of celestial light !
 ‘ I nobly led great Michael’s host to fight ;
 ‘ And though repuls’d, we bravely fighting fell
 ‘ Off heaven’s high towers, and still have reign’d in hell ;
 ‘ Nor have we one infernal subject lost,
 ‘ But glorious conquests of wide realms we boast :
 ‘ And peradventure we may yet regain
 ‘ The lands we lost when conquering death was slain.
 ‘ Now, my brave warriors ! let us all unite
 ‘ Our dauntless courage, policy, and might,
 ‘ To burst these bonds — our former freedom gain —
 ‘ Invade yon orb where joy and glory reign —
 ‘ And drag those forms which shine in radiant light,
 ‘ To these black regions of eternal night.’

To which old proud Ahithophel replies ;
 ‘ Sovereign of Hell ! magnanimous and wise !
 ‘ We, thy true subjects of the race of man,
 ‘ Admire thy counsel and applaud thy plan ;
 ‘ But, by thy royal leave, we would propose
 ‘ The fittest season to attack our foes.
 ‘ By old predictions in the page divine,
 ‘ We understand that the Supreme will join
 ‘ Our deathless spirits to our scatter’d dust,
 ‘ And judge us guilty, and his subjects just :

‘ Yes ;

‘ Yes; those exalted favourites of their Lord,
 ‘ Shall judge you angels, though as gods ador’d;
 ‘ And now the great decisive day is near,
 ‘ When we must all before their Prince appear.
 ‘ But shall we tamely at his bar attend,
 ‘ And to the tyrant’s sword or sceptre bend?
 ‘ No! valiant Pow’rs, we’ll then our foes engage —
 ‘ O’erturn their thrones in our tremendous rage —
 ‘ Deluge their host with our infernal fire —
 ‘ And burn up heav’n — or in the attempt expire.
 ‘ But let us prudently conceal our scheme,
 ‘ And while we hence are led, submissive seem,
 ‘ Till God-like life release our limbs confin’d,
 ‘ And God-like strength our sever’d sinews bind;
 ‘ Till Gog and Magog, and our hosts from far,
 ‘ Be all conven’d before the burning bar.’

Replies the Dragon; ‘ Well dost thou advise;
 ‘ Good are thy reasons, and thy counsel wise.
 ‘ What better plan, my Nobles, can be laid?
 ‘ Or what defect in what my Lord hath said?
 ‘ — Full approbation in your eyes I read,
 ‘ Ye, therefore, follow when and where I lead;
 ‘ Rush not before me, neither lag behind;
 ‘ Be all attention, and my motion mind.
 ‘ While angels loose us from these fiery coasts,
 ‘ Collect together all our distant hosts,
 ‘ And bid us stand before the bar supreme,
 ‘ Stir not a hand, nor let a tongue blaspheme;
 ‘ Conceal

‘ Conceal your weapons, and disguise your rage,
 ‘ Till ye receive my signal to engage;
 ‘ Then, swift and furious as these raging flames,
 ‘ Fall on the foe; regard not age or names;
 ‘ Deal death around; show lenity to none;
 ‘ While I fling vengeance at th’ exalted Son:
 ‘ Dread nought, my heroes! nor to angels yield,
 ‘ And quit existence ere ye quit the field:
 ‘ Brave are your chiefs, and numberless your host;
 ‘ Your endless all that day is gain’d or lost:
 ‘ The *worst* ye know, to live confin’d in hell;
 ‘ The *best*, how glorious I can scarcely tell —
 ‘ To conquer gods, and in their regions dwell!
 ‘ Then, my bold legions! heaven and death defy;
 ‘ Quit ye like gods, and gods subdue, or die!’

P A R T

P A R T III.

WHILE the arch-fiend is counselling his crew,
 How they with Michael should their war renew,
 Ten thousand legions of bright angels stand
 Before hell's gates, at Heaven's supreme command;
 Th' enormous gates before them open fly;
 They hear the rattling chains, th' infernal cry,
 And view the flames of wrath divine around,
 Reflecting horror through the dark profound;
 They hear! they gaze! till hell's approaching heat,
 And stench sulphureous, urge their quick retreat:
 Struck at the sight, astonish'd at the sound,
 The adoring seraphs prostrate on the ground!
 Unwonted strains proceed from every tongue;
 Unwonted ardor flames in every song;
 While the blest realms where spotless angels dwell,
 Appear more bright from the dark verge of hell.
 The howling prisoners see the shining hosts,
 And instantly the foul blaspheming ghosts
 Cease to blaspheme, intreat a quick release,
 And feign obedience to the Prince of Peace.

To whom the mighty potentates proclaim;
 ' You must appear before the Judge Supreme;
 ' Quit

‘ Quit your deep dungeon, yonder skies ascend,
 ‘ And at his bar, with order due, attend.’

The loyal armies of the eternal King,
 From the dark pit the fetter'd prisoners bring :
 In two vast hosts the rebels move along,
 And the wide portals of destruction throng ;
 Like numerous, black, and ponderous clouds they fly,
 And hugely darken the surrounding sky ;
 While the loud rattling of their cumberous chains
 Re-echoes, grating, through the ethereal plains.
 Ere they arrive at Salem's glittering gate,
 Or stand before JEHOVAH's awful seat,
 The dreadful trumpet's shrill tremendous sound
 Rends the wide heavens, and cleaves the trembling ground,
 Wakes the foul bodies of the impious dead,
 And bids them rise from their polluted bed,
 Where *once* his tent the wandering shepherd spread ;
 Or the low cot expos'd his turf-capt head —
 Or Arabs rov'd — or Indians rang'd the wood —
 Or nimble oars play'd on the yielding flood —
 Or palaces, towns, cities, temples stood —
 Or gliding streams in wanton windings flow'd —
 Or herbage smil'd — or golden harvest bow'd —
 Or hostile armies throng'd the spacious plain —
 Or thundering fleets rode on the furious main —
Now human dust in various shapes ascends,
 And each effluvium to its owner tends.
 Earth, water, air, in wild commotion dance ;
 Atoms to atoms in swift clouds advance ;

Bones fellow-bones, limbs fellow-limbs rejoin,
 And kindred-nerves the frightful form intwine :
 Each particle to life and motion springs,
 And new-form'd eyes roll on eternal things.
 The base, the noble, ignorant, and wise,
 The young and old — in crouds promiscuous rise :
 Illustrious monarchs and their abject slaves,
 Crawl alike wretched from their mingled graves :
 A various shade of turpitude alone,
 The sole distinction now among them known.
 How vast the numbers pouring from the tomb !
 The spacious world can scarcely yield them room.
 But, ah ! how hideous and deform'd they rise !
 How pale their faces, and how fierce their eyes !
 What flaming fury and tormenting fear,
 And lowring horror, in their looks appear !
 What loathsome wounds and raging ulcers stare,
 On their black visage, and their guilt declare !
 The beauteous form, by monarchs once rever'd,
 A ghastly spectre, and by heroes fear'd.
 The wanton bands, who, in the jovial dance,
 Or gave, or catch'd the heart-polluting glance,
 And jointly dar'd to affront the watchful skies,
 Dart hellish fury in each others eyes :
 The impious son, whose impious father taught
 Young to blaspheme, with rage infernal fraught,
 Heaps ponderous curses on the parent's head,
 Already trembling with the weight of dread :
 Wild execrations and infernal cries,
 Harsh thundering, echo through the vaulted skies.

The

The frantic soul the haggard body meets,
 And looks ! and trembles ! and aghast retreats !
 While every fibre shudders at the pain,
 From its connection with the mind again :
 But, ah ! just Heaven rejoins the guilty pair,
 To live immortal in extreme despair.

The dead all rais'd from the deep-rended tomb,
 And Satan loos'd from hell's tremendous gloom, }
 Now, now begins the dreadful day of doom !
 The JUDGE ! the JUDGE ! the Sovereign JUDGE ascends
 His lofty seat ! all heaven the GOD attends !
 Sapphire and gold form His refulgent throne ; —
 No more the cross ! no more the dying groan !
 Celestial light His radiant robe adorns,
 And in His face celestial glory burns ;
 Truth, wisdom, justice, majesty supreme,
 And power divine, compose His awful name :
 Heaven, earth, and hell, before His throne convene,
 And wondering worlds gaze on the solemn scene.
 All eyes behold Him through the countless croud ;
 The envious, wanton, merciless, and proud :
 The impious Gentile and malicious Jew,
 With wailing see the Prince of Life they flew.
 Th' exalted JUDGE looks awfully serene ;
 Life in His smiles, death in His frowns — are seen :
 The happy saints are plac'd on His right-hand ; }
 And on the left, th' ungodly trembling stand,
 Innumerable as Britannia's circling sand.

The

The books are open'd ! foul offences read !
 The righteous triumph, and the guilty dread !
 The omniscient eye surveys distinctly o'er,
 The secret sins, that lay unseen before ;
 All heinous crimes from human eyes conceal'd,
 Are now in all their horrid hue reveal'd.
 What deeds of darkness, odious, and unjust !
 What hidden scenes of cruelty and lust !
 Murder and whoredom ! screen'd by gloomy night,
 Are now expos'd to mens and angels sight !
 What black designs, enwrapt in sully'd thought,
 Are now to light, are now to judgment brought !

The various volumes of Creation stand,
 Widely unfolded, at the dread command :
 The earth and skies, by fire demolish'd, find
 A fresh existence in the guilty mind.
 HE, mighty GOD, who made the dumb to speak,
 Now bids all Nature her long silence break ;
 Straight, secret silence tries her new-form'd tongue,
 And, mounted high, declares each hidden wrong.
 The gloomy night is now refulgent day,
 And darkest shades far darker scenes display.
 The ground where Abel and where Naboth bled,
 Calls out for vengeance on the murderer's head.
 The watchful lamp that ey'd the midnight dance,
 Discovers clearly the polluted glance,
 The robber's booty, and the ruffian's lance :
 The stately walls of splendid mansions cry,
 Responsive beams, and sounding roofs reply ;

And

And loudly publish to the listening skies,
 The owner's crimes beneath the vain disguise,
 And how they trembled o'er his guilty eyes.
 Rome, Paris, Smithfield, faithfully disclose,
 The blood of martyrs, and the churches woes.
 The flaming sun that pour'd the noon-day light,
 The faithful moon that watch'd the silent night,
 And blushing stars which view'd each odious sight,
 Infinite millions of black deeds proclaim,
 And each offender's execrable name.
 But, lo ! on Calvary spreads a purple stain,
 Where (awful truth !) the LORD of life was slain,
 That flames damnation in the ruffians eyes,
 Asks tenfold vengeance, and with loudest cries.
 The anxious guilty read their crimes anew,
 And, silent, feel each accusation true.

The sacred law on awful Sinai given,
 Transgress'd on earth, though wisely form'd in heaven,
 Whether engrav'd on stones, or heathen minds,
 Claims ample justice, ample justice finds.
 Ne'er Sinai shook so terribly before,
 Nor Israel heard so loud a tempest roar ;
 But fiercer flames, and louder thunderings still,
 And blacker smoke now roll on Zion's hill.
 The light that shone through Revelation's sky,
 Flashes incessant in the Deist's eye !
 The charming tidings of salvation found
 Tremendous wrath, and spread damnation round !

Heaven

Heaven's injur'd patience, and contemned grace,
 Thunder revenge against the rebel-race :
 The piercing voice of expiating blood,
 Beneath the feet of vile blasphemers trod,
 Now rends asunder their tormented soul,
 The chief in guilt, and foulest of the foul.
 All actions, words, and thoughts are scrutiniz'd,
 Nor longer lies hypocrisy disguis'd :
 By Heaven's just laws th' impartial Judge proceeds,
 Deals all men justice, as he finds their deeds.
 Condemn'd before the Ethiopian Queen,
 The Jewish scribe and Jewish priest are seen.
 Gomorrah, Sodom, Nineveh, and Tyre,
 Doom proud Chorazin to severer fire.
 Deluded Arabs and blind Pagans shame,
 A world that bore the sacred Christian name.
 European kings, more black than Indian slaves,
 Must plunge far deeper in infernal waves.
 Nor pompous title, nor exalted post,
 Nor robe, nor mitre, vain Ambition's boast !
 Nor gifts of Nature, nor the charms of Art,
 Nor pious form without a pious heart,
 Nor fruitless faith, could it huge mountains move,
 Nor flaming zeal without celestial love,
 Nor power, nor wealth, nor Human Merit's claim,
 Nor learned eloquence, nor founding fame,
 Can screen the sinner from the quenchless flame.

The book of life displays its golden lines,
 Where the salvation of the righteous shines :

The Judge aloud reads o'er their precious names,
 And all their deeds of purity proclaims ;
 Nor one offence of the redeem'd is found,
 Their sins are cover'd, and pollution drown'd ;
 They joy anew in their redeeming God,
 And loudly triumph in atoning blood ;
 The Mediator's wounded side they plead,
 And in his scars their full redemption read :
 Devils are dumb ; all men and angels own,
 They're justly fav'd, and fav'd by grace alone ;
 While in their Judge with joy they contemplate
 Their smiling Friend, and able Advocate ;
 Behold their Saviour on the judgment seat,
 And hear Him speak in sounds divinely sweet ; —

‘ Come, ye, my Father's highly honour'd sons !
 ‘ My friends, my brethren, my redeemed ones !
 ‘ Possess the kingdom, range the realms of joy,
 ‘ Where glory fades not, pleasures never cloy :
 ‘ Sit near my throne, and in my brightness shine ;
 ‘ Feast at my board, and drink celestial wine :
 ‘ Me ye obey'd, and my reproach ye bare,
 ‘ Now in my joy, and in my triumph share ;
 ‘ Incessant raptures shall reward your pain,
 ‘ While ye with me in radiant glory reign :
 ‘ In Heaven's fair regions ye henceforth reside,
 ‘ Where pure delights in streams perpetual glide —
 ‘ Where fragrant groves perfume the atmosphere —
 ‘ Melodious seraphs charm th' unwearied ear —

' New glorious scenes eternally arise,
 ' Afresh to ravish your immortal eyes —
 ' Seraphic love its sacred fire displays —
 ' Unchanging friendship blends her blissful rays —
 ' And where JEHOVAH, from His boundless stores,
 ' Beatitudes in full perfection pours;
 ' Nor sin, nor pain, invade your blest abode;
 ' There ever see your ever-smiling GOD!

Then turns the Judge His awful frowning face,
 Tward the unjust of each rebellious race;
 And thus proceeds: ' Ye filthy fiends of hell,
 ' Hurl'd from the realms where light and glory dwell!
 ' How could you dare offend the King supreme —
 ' Insult your Sovereign, and His name blaspheme —
 ' Deface your Maker's fairest work below —
 ' Involve a world in never-ending woe —
 ' Deceive the nations — Pagan-idols rear —
 ' Invade my temple — forms angelic wear —
 ' Torture and murder my obedient bands —
 ' Oppose my reign — and pierce my healing hands?
 ' Go, curst infernals, from my presence go,
 ' And sink for ever in the abyss of woe.

' And, ye apostates of the human race!
 ' Who dar'd my vengeance, and despis'd my grace —
 ' In the foul paths of disobedience trod —
 ' Contemn'd the worship and the laws of GOD — }
 ' Revil'd my saints, and shed my martyrs blood!
 ' Depart,

‘ Depart, ye curst ! to yonder gaping hell,
 ‘ And in devouring flames for ever dwell ;
 ‘ Satan ye serv’d ; his wages now receive ;
 ‘ Alike in guilt, alike in torment live.’

At this, the Dragon in a dreadful rage,
 Raves at the Judge, and bids all hell engage ;
 Th’ infernal furies instantly blaspheme —
 Curse horribly JEHOVAH’s awful name —
 With hideous noise, in legions numberless,
 Charge the saints camp — the gates of Salem press —
 Burn to demolish her fair walls around,
 Raze her high towers, and plough her hallow’d ground ;
 But rapid streams of fierce sulphureous fire,
 Kindled by Heaven’s incen’d tremendous ire,
 With furious force, from bursting vengeance, fall
 On the foul fiends, and overwhelm them all,
 Impetuous bear them down a dreadful steep,
 And plunge them headlong in the burning deep.
 Satan, the serpent, the devouring beast,
 The lying prophet and his bloody priest,
 The scoffing tribe on either side the flood,
 And murderers who spill’d the harmless blood,
 Idolaters, and the deistic race,
 Who scorn’d the SAVIOUR, and contemn’d His grace ;
 The forcerer, the drunkard, the unclean,
 The slanderer, the liar, and profane ;
 The covetous, the oppressor, and the proud,
 And hypocrites, and all the impious croud —

With

With sin and death intwin'd around their neck,
 Are tofs'd incessant on the fiery lake :
 Guilt, horror, wrath, despair, and anguish roll,
 In boiling surges o'er the sinking soul :
 Malice, revenge, and rage, and fury, swell
 The tortur'd breast, and form th' internal hell :
 Vengeance divine, like burning sulphur, flames,
 Through the dark regions, in ten thousand streams :
 While ceaseless clouds of rapid smoke ascend ;
 Nor ever will their fiery torments end.

But, oh ! how blest the sons of God above,
 Enrob'd with glory, in the realms of love !
 The fair, the bright celestial regions ring
 With the high praises of the eternal King,
 And all their hosts loud hallelujahs sing :
 Triumphant saints and flaming seraphs sound
 Jehovah's name to heaven's remotest bound ;
 Exulting praise, through all the angelic quire,
 Harmonious trembles on the golden lyre,
 Fills the loud trump, the sounding organ swells,
 And on each tongue, in strains melodious, dwells :
 " To thee, O Lord ! (such their immortal song,)
 All honor, glory, power, and praise, belong :
 Omnipotent, supreme, thou reign'st alone
 On Thine eternal, unprecious throne ;
 Thy sceptre justice ; the creation wide
 Thy vast dominions ; in Thy court reside

}

Cherubs and seraphs, numberless and bright,
 As the fair stars of undiminish'd light ;
 Who, swift and vigorous, form'd of heavenly fire,
 Dispense Thy grace, or execute Thine ire :
 Just are Thy ways of vengeance and of love,
 Nor dares a tongue against Thy sentence move ;
 Just are Thy ways trac'd in the deep below,
 The dire abode of never-ending woe,
 Where wilful sin and diabolic hate
 Bind raging fiends, and no unmeaning fate ;
 Their bold rebellion, no decree of Thine,
 But what forth sprang from rectitude divine,
 O'erwhelm'd th' offenders, that would not submit
 To Thy mild sceptre, in the fiery pit ;
 And the strong chains, that still confine them there,
 Are hatred, malice, blasphemy, despair ;
 Thy flaming sword, victorious o'er Thy foes,
 With justice glitters through their deepest woes.
 Just are Thy ways of mercy, love, and grace,
 That brought Thy saints to this resplendent place ;
 From sin redeem'd with precious blood divine,
 They now in robes of fair perfection shine ;
 To grace alone, to sovereign grace belong
 The lofty praises of their endless song.
 Now, Thy wise counsels and Thy grand decrees,
 High as the heavens, and deeper than the seas,
 Explain'd and finish'd, in full orb appear
 Divinely glorious, and divinely clear :

Through

Through gloomy hell unfullied justice reigns,
While boundless love rules these celestial plains :
With Thy loud praise let heaven and earth resound,
And the wide regions of the dark profound.

C 4

P A R T

P A R T IV.

THUS have I sung, O man, in solemn strains,
 The awful truth Heaven's sacred page contains.
 Pure Revelation and right Reason join
 Their kindred voice to prove my theme divine ;
 Oft has the former pierc'd thine echoing ear,
 Now the loud thunder of the latter hear.

Doth man possess a vast amazing mind,
 As wide as space, by matter unconfin'd,
 Alone to animate a clod of clay,
 And only for a short tempestuous day ?
 To rove ignoble, useless, and obscure,
 Like lawless brutes and greater pains endure ?
 Doth reason beam in Afric's footy sons,
 Alone to crouch around despotic thrones —
 Or, captive led, beneath hard labour groan —
 Or bask inglorious in the torrid zone ?
 Do Indian tribes possess a noble soul,
 But, lion-like, wild deserts to control ?
 Is understanding exquisitely bright,
 Kindled to yield so dim, so short a light,
 And to be quench'd in everlasting night ?

} Shall

Shall narrow time, and mouldering dust confine
 Unbounded thought, and powers almost divine ?
 Hath Heaven created rationals in vain,
 Or soon to sleep ne'er to awake again ?
 Shall these aurelias ne'er to motion spring —
 Rangethro' wide realms on thought's unwearied wing —
 And radiant reason's glowing plumes display,
 In the bright sunshine of eternal day ?

Nor mental darkness, and corporeal pains,
 Alone have spread o'er spacious Pagan plains,
 (Which prove and need the blazing future day,
 To show how just and wise JEHOVAH's way)
 The smoke of hell, and clouds of blackest crimes,
 Have cover'd Christian and Barbarian climes,
 Have overwhelm'd and darken'd reason's ray —
 Eclips'd refulgent Revelation's day —
 Obstructed Heaven's benign and living light —
 And form'd a woful universal night :
 A night on which the beasts of slaughter howl,
 The roaring lion and the screeching owl ;
 The filthy sons of darkness riot loud,
 The wanton, wrathful, merciless, and proud :
 Beneath its shade of black infernal hue,
 Malignant Cain his righteous brother flew :
 Ten thousand barbarous execrable hands
 Spread horrid slaughter through pacific lands :
 With infant gore Nile dy'd her swelling flood,
 And savage Rome o'erflow'd with Christian blood :

But

But chiefly thou ! Heaven-daring Palestine !
 With Satan leagu'd, deep stain'd with blood divine !
 More direful spears, O sons of Rage and Pride !
 Shall pierce your hearts, who pierc'd the Saviour's side.
 In every empire and in every age,
 Heaven's sheep have smok'd to persecution's rage :
 Ye furious murderers of the sons of God !
 The deepest hell shall be your dark abode.

With *murder*, *whoredom* has her thousands slain,
 From the tall monarch to the menial swain —
 Impoverish'd Princes — dealt the loathsome wound —
 Kindled revenge — and flung confusion round —
 O'er spacious realms vast desolation spread —
 The blood of prophets and of empires shed :
 Ye brutal herd ! high-fed for ruin, mourn ;
 Your mirth to grief, your songs to howling turn :
 The holy God, whose dread commands ye break,
 Ere long will plunge you in the fiery lake.

Now *Mammon's* sons with iron hands oppress
 The weeping widow and the fatherless : —
 Ye, tyrants, tremble ! Orphans have a friend,
 Who hears their cries to listening heaven ascend ;
 His wrath shall soon your ravenous bowels rend. }

Malice, revenge, and diabolic pride,
 And crimes unnumber'd, a tremendous tide,

Impetuous,

Impetuous, like the patriarch's flood, o'erwhelm
 Each potent kingdom, each extensive realm.
 Ye infidels! ye atheistic race!
 Ye impious scorers of redeeming grace!
 Where will ye hide your proud obnoxious head,
 When thundering vengeance 'wakes the wicked dead,
 And the unbounded concave of the sky
 Is liquid fire, and worlds in torture die?
 Like the dry stubble, to the burning doom'd,
 Shall ye, O sons of Pride! be all consum'd.

Is there a GOD? and is HE INFINITE
 In knowledge, justice, majesty, and might?
 Doth His arm rule, doth His omniscience know
 All worlds and things above — around — below?
 And shall his wisdom, purity, and power,
 For ever a rebellious race endure?
 Shall His bright Justice clouds eternal wear,
 And ne'er to men in fairer forms appear?
 Now proud blasphemers bear a sovereign sway,
 Heaven's power deride, and on the righteous prey:
 Oppressors prosper; ravenous tyrants reign;
 While Virtue bleeds, and Innocence is slain;
 The impious live in pleasure, honor, health;
 Then die at ease, and leave their babes their wealth;
 While precious faints, through life with sorrow sigh,
 Reside in dungeons, and in torture die.

But

But doth the King Eternal and Supreme,
 Regardless, care not whether men blaspheme,
 Or praise harmonious His tremendous name?
 Doth He with equal approbation view
 The tortur'd JESUS and the murdering Jew?
 Say with the fool, 'There is no God,' or own
 The future judgments of His radiant throne.

Why doth remorse and horror rend the heart,
 If spirits perish when they hence depart?
 Is guilt an arrow from the bow of Time?
 Heart-burning guilt? and for a *secret* crime?
 Is flesh the arm that twangs the mighty bow,
 That shoots the conscience of a Judas through?
 Why do the scoffer and the impious rake,
 Belshazzar like, at death's appearance quake?
 Why in death's presence serious? — penitent? —
 Why *then* receive the flighted sacrament?
 Why ask the prayers, why seek to be advis'd,
 Of those, in health, they scornfully despis'd?
 — Or banish guilt, nor feel conviction's sting,
 Or, finner! own the sacred truth I sing.

Rouse then, Britannia! rouse! awake! arise!
 Hear the trump sound! behold the kindling skies!
 Prepare to meet thine awful Judge, prepare!
 Nor think his fiery indignation far.
 Fly! fly for mercy! fly for refuge! fly!
 Forsake thy sins, thy sins of deepest dye.

Each hateful vice in thee triumphant reigns ;
 And Error binds thee in her rusty chains.
 The crimes, that raz'd fair Salem to the ground,
 Oh ! how triumphant in Britannia found !
 Doth not ambition in thy bosom burn ?
 Doth not thy land beneath blasphemers mourn ?
 Doth not corruption, treachery, and guile,
 Pride, and prophaneness, dreadfully defile,
 And dire oppression crush — thy tottering isle ?
 Hath not red murder thy broad rivers dy'd,
 And whoredom blacken'd thy surrounding tide ?
 Do not thy sons, with impious pride, disdain
 Celestial truth, and Mercy's gentle reign —
 Spurn at the cross of a redeeming God —
 And madly trample on atoning blood ?
 Do not the righteous through thy borders sigh,
 Religion bleed, and pure devotion die ?
 Rich are the gifts on thee kind Heaven bestows,
 But where's the heart that with thanksgiving glows ?
 What friend but trembles at thy final fate,
 And dreads the downfall of thy bending state ?
 Thy crying sins sound in JEHOVAH's ear !
 Thy scarlet crimes before His face appear !
 Behold, behold His frowning vengeance nigh !
 Behold Him wave His flaming sword on high !
 And to His throne for speedy pardon fly !
 Oh ! blush with shame ! dissolve with pious grief !
 Nor longer be to Heaven's loud warnings deaf :

Cease

Cease to prophane the day of sacred rest,
 The holy Sabbath, which thy God hath blest :
 Cease to provoke the SOVEREIGN of the skies —
 Contemn His anger, and His love despise —
 Desert His temple — His commands deride —
 And sink in luxury, ignorance, and pride !
 Still the glad tidings of salvation sound,
 And mercy echoes through thy plains around.
 Return ! return ! to God, in tears, return !
 And at His feet thy bold rebellion mourn,
 Ere kindling vengeance thy fair island burn !
 O Britons ! fam'd through earth's remotest bound,
 For naval skill to explore the earth around ;
 Hear, while ye stand on Time's swift-lessening shore,
 ETERNITY's tremendous billows roar !
 View the high surges of the boundless main,
 With rapid swell, on life's dark island gain !
 Climb the safe ark, that soon will quit your coast !
 Set sail for heaven, and join the angelic host !

And ye, blest servants of the God of love !
 Whose hearts, and joys, and treasures, dwell above ;
 Exalt your heads, exalt your voices high ;
 Behold the day of your redemption nigh !
 Dread not the rage of the wide-spreading flame
 Dissolving worlds. and rending Nature's frame ;
 The fiery flood this rebel-orb o'erwhelms,
 Will waft you joyful to celestial realms :

So rode the patriarch on the swelling tide,
 While deep beneath him shoals of scoffers died ;
 So sail'd he, fearless, to the land of peace,
 And sang the wonders of preserving grace.

Rouse, O my soul ! and realize the day
 That soon will burn these withering worlds away ;
 Expand thy views beyond the bounds of time —
 Th' eternal hills of shining glory climb —
 And thence behold with wonder, joy, and praise,
 The globes beneath in one tremendous blaze :
 There sing with seraphs, and with saints adore
 The grace that steer'd thee to the blissful shore ;
 The blissful shore, the fair celestial plains,
 Where angels dwell, where JESUS ever reigns."

T H E E N D.

